

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

FOUNDED AUGUST 1, 1860.

126 North Main Street ANDERSON, S. C.

W. W. SMOAK, Editor and Bus. Mgr. D. WATSON BELL, City Editor. PHELPS SASSBEN, Advertising Mgr. T. B. GODFREY, Circulation Mgr. E. ADAMS, Telegraph Editor and Foreman.

Member of Associated Press and Receiving Complete Daily Telegraphic Service.

Entered according to Act of Congress as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice at Anderson, S. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with subscription rates: Semi-Weekly, One Year \$1.50, Six Months .75, Daily, One Year \$5.00, Six Months 2.50, Three Months 1.25.

TELEPHONES

Editorial and Business Office, 321 Job Printing, 693-1.

The Intelligencer is delivered by carriers in the city. If you fail to get your paper regularly please notify us. Opposite your name on the label of your paper is printed date to which your paper is paid. All checks and drafts should be drawn to The Anderson Intelligencer.

The Weather.

South Carolina: Partly cloudy Friday in interior, rain near the coast; Saturday partly cloudy.

Our Dalley Thought.

"The time is short! If thou wouldst work for God it must be now; If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow, Redeem the time. The sweetest lives are those to duty wed. Whose deeds both great and small, Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread. Where love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells, The Book of Life the shining record tells."

Handwriting on a check looks much better than handwriting on the wall. Somebody had the nerve to say that they are fighting in Mexico again. When everybody plans and nobody works, the result is nil. It is an ill rain that washes nothing clean. Sow oats, but be careful that they are not of the wild variety. "New shipment of Nuts," says an advertisement in The State. Well, it's nothing to crow about. It doesn't matter if you have company in your badness, it doesn't mean that you are right. Try this. Put a rose on your desk this morning and see what a difference it makes. We hate to think of what would become of some men if it wasn't for the saving grace of their wives. It is a pity that the cotton plant does not grow some kind of an edible along with its lint as a side line. When a man makes you mad it may not be "pure cussedness" on his part. He may be right and you may be wrong. A great many young fellows who are giving the home folks lots of trouble are following in the foot-steps of their fathers. You are worth about a dollar a hundred pounds from your neck down, but nobody can estimate the worth of an ounce of the contents of your cranium. The congressmen have been howling about having to stay on the job so long and now when they have an opportunity, they don't want to come home as badly as they thought they did. An Eye to Business. A young suburban doctor, whose practice was not very great, sat in his study reading away a lazy afternoon nearly summer. His man servant appeared at the door. "Doctor, them boys is stealin' your green peaches again. Shall I chase them away?" The doctor looked thoughtfully for a moment then leveled his eyes at the servant. "No," he said.—Lippincott.

OUR SCHOOL PAGE

We wish to remind those interested that the next issue of the School page of The Intelligencer will appear in next Tuesday's Daily and Semi-Weekly. If you have a communication for it, please try to get it to us by Monday noon at latest. We wish to have some news of every school in the county, and we want the page to breathe the life of educational progress in Anderson county. This can be done by all the schools taking the proper interest in this page and sending in the news promptly. We have heard of much favorable comment, and the county superintendent of education gives it his unqualified endorsement, and states that he is going to do all he can for this page. We have also the promise of a score of teachers that they are going to do the same. There will be some interesting articles in the next issue. Remember that the account of his experiences while touring Europe will be started in next Tuesday's paper by Dr. M. L. Bonham, Jr. He is an Anderson county boy, and we can promise a rare treat to our readers in this series of articles which will be featured in the educational page, for their educational value. We trust the teachers will read these articles to their pupils, and preserve them in the libraries of the schools. One school has adopted a unique way of expressing its thanks for the use of the page, and for The Intelligencer being sent to its reading room. This will be given in next Tuesday's page. Watch for it. Send us the news of your school.

OUR FARMERS' PAGE.

Attention is called to the "Farmers Page" in this issue of The Intelligencer. This will be a regular feature of the paper appearing every Friday. We trust that it will be read by all our readers whether farmers or not. It is our purpose to fill it each Friday with good news for the farmer, and with reasonable suggestions. Then, too, we hope that farmers will tell their experiences in the page. If you have succeeded in some department of your farming, tell your neighbors and our readers of it through this page. Let us know how the crops of your community are, and if there is much activity along any branch of agriculture. Is any farmer raising some fine live stock? Let us know of it. Are many of them planting much small grain? Tell us about it. Have you a farmers' society of any kind? Tell us about it. In other words, this is your page, and we want you to use it. Help us to make it alive for the best interests of the agricultural interests of the community.

"HARD TIMES" TALK.

The tendency to cry "hard times" is leading to the use of some choice language, and it is hard to imagine any particular evil that is not either here now or coming at an early date. It is decidedly "fashionable" to cry hard times, and some of the correspondents of The Intelligencer can play it up in good style. A clipping from an article sent in recently from Anderson county gives such a doleful picture that we reproduce it here. It is decidedly of different tone from the logic of the conversation quoted in Thursday's paper, in which the hopeful young farmer said: "Others need a blamed sight more sympathy than the farmer. In six months he will have another crop to harvest, and anyway he can live at home." Yes, we must be optimistic. Things are never so bad that they could not be worse. However, we feel that they cannot get much worse in the section described by our correspondent. He says: "The farmers of this section are very much depressed with cotton 3-4 cents per pound and only making about half a crop and half of what we thought we'd make is rotting and the army worms are here too. So what is to become of the farmer?"

THE TALE OF A \$50 BILL

Everyone is familiar with the story of the \$10 bill which A paid B and B paid to C, who, in turn, paid to D, who was reminded by A that he owed him that amount. When all of the debtors had settled and all of the creditors were satisfied A put his \$10 bill back into his pocket and went out with a clear conscience to spend it. The League Enterprise, a Texas newspaper, may have evolved from imagination the facts which elaborate the old story into the following: "Joe Smith sold his first bale of cotton last week at 10c per pound, realizing \$50 cash for same. Meeting a friend to whom he was indebted, he handed him \$50. To his pickers he paid \$12.50. To his grocer he paid \$17, and went to the restaurant and took a 50-cent dinner. While at dinner a friend came in paid him \$50 on an old debt with the first \$20 he had paid out of his cotton, and walking down the street he met another man who paid him \$10 which he had collected from the picker to whom the farmer had paid \$12.50. Meeting another man to whom he was indebted, he paid him

\$20, and this man turned and handed it to another party to whom he was indebted. This man happened to be the man who sold the bale \$20, and handed it to him with the remark 'that was the first money he had collected in six months, and he was glad to be able to pay his money, as he owed it for a year. This man who sold the bale paid \$95 of debts with it, and when ready to go home found he still had \$47.50 left. And could it be ascertained the full amount of debts the \$50 has paid, it would reach several hundred dollars. Yet the seller has his \$47.50 left. This illustrates how much a small amount will pay when put in actual circulation. 'buy a bale' Of course, the League Enterprise may be reporting an actual occurrence. There was no economic fallacy in the story of the \$10 bill, which paid \$40 worth of debts and left \$10 in the hands of the man who first had it. It was simply a man who owed no more than was due him from another, and who had \$10. All that is set down by the League Enterprise might have happened, and if it did not the tale of the \$50 bill aptly illustrates the advantages that accrue to the community when there is money in circulation. Buy a bale of cotton, of course, or a bushel or a barrel of something else if you can afford it. If you cannot afford to stimulate the circulation of money by that means, and accelerate the payment of outstanding obligations, pay off a debt with the cash you have. The same end will be achieved.

"BUY AT HOME."

Recently The Intelligencer published an editorial on patronizing mail order houses to the exclusion of the home merchants. A large number of persons were kind enough to say that it was a timely expression of warning that if heeded would keep much money at home that is now being sent away for merchandise that could as well be purchased at home, and much more safely. In reading recently we came across the following reasons why one should buy at home, and these are also so much to the point that we have decided to give the readers of The Intelligencer the benefit of these good reasons, as given out by Ed De Camp in The Gaffney Ledger:

- Because my interests. Because the community that is good enough for me to live in is good enough for me to buy in. Because I believe in transacting business with my friends. Because I want to see the goods. Because I want to get what I buy when I pay for it. Because every dollar I spend at home stays at home and works for the welfare of my town. Because the man I buy from stands back of the goods. Because I sell what I produce here at home. Because the man I buy from helps support my school, my church, my lodge, my home. Because, when ill luck, misfortune, or bereavement comes, the man I buy from is here with his kindly greetings, his word of cheer, and his pocketbook, if need be. Because I get my living in this State. Don't you? Here I live and here I buy. I buy at home. Do you?

OUR DAILY POEM

They do me wrong who say I come no more. When once I knock and fall to find you in; For every day I stand outside your door, And bid you wake and rise to fight and win. Wait not for precious chances passed away, Weep not for golden ages on the wane; Each night I burn the records of the day; At sunrise every soul is born again. Laughs like a boy at splendors that have sped; To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb; My judgments seal the dead past with its dead, But never blind a moment yet to come. Tho' deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep; I lend my arm to all who say "I can." No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep, But yet might rise and be again a man. Dost thou hold thy lost youth all aghast? Dost yield from righteous retribution's blow? Then turn from blotted archives of the past, And find the future's pages white as snow. Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell; Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven; Each morn'g gives thee wings to flee from Hell, Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven. —Walter Malone.

EVERY BLADE OF GRASS LIKE A ROSE

Every blade of grass looks like a rose," said an American as he reached home after weeks of effort trying to get away from the inferno of war in Europe.

"What they had learned to fear in these few weeks was mankind," writes a correspondent telling of the dread with which children in the war zone slink away and hide from every strange face. They have grown accustomed said he, to the roar of great guns; they have learned to show no fright at bursting shells; but the face of a strange man brings panic to them.

How many millions of these helpless little ones there are who run in fright from every strange face! To them strange faces mean burned homes, dead fathers and mothers, and all other indescribable sufferings. How many there are who cannot understand the reason for the horrors which make the devil laugh with such fiendish glee as he never knew before since the world began! How many aged and feeble there are who are being driven tottering down to the grave by the killing agony of fear, exposure and starvation! The sufferings of these are greater than the sufferings of those on the battlefield. The one have the stimulus of martial action, the other have destroying dread by day and by night, poverty, pain, sickness and suspense as to the loved ones on the battlefield, as fatal as the bullet in its work.

No wonder that to the American who escapes from such a region "every blade of grass looks like a rose." How we might see roses everywhere if only we would look; and how we would magnify our blessings if we stopped to think of these things! Then every blade of pleasure or of comfort or of health or of business would suddenly expand into a glorious rose, fragrant and beautiful. The cotton which brightens our fields would no longer be regarded as a liability; we would see its splendid possibilities, even though they may more slowly unfold themselves than in other seasons; the corn fields and the wheat shocks, the "lowing herds," and even the sleeping hog lazily sunning himself would stimulate our songs of praise.

Perchance we cannot sell our cotton today—it will keep; mayhap we pay more for our flour and meat than of old—we can rejoice that the growers prosper thereby; we may not be able to build the new house just now; we may have to enter losses instead of profits in balancing the work of the year; we may have to deny many necessities as well as luxuries to ourselves and our families. But what boots it if these things be true so long as Heaven blesses us with a fair measure of health, so long as our loved ones are with us and are not being slain on the battlefield, so long as our soil laughs with abundant crops when tickled with the plow, so long as blackened chimneys and countless dead do not mark the sites of our homes, so long as the sun shines and our nation endures, so long as the setting of every sun brings us one day nearer the time when, in the abundant prosperity that shall cover the land, we shall forget the troubles of the present?

"Let him sing to me, Who sees the watchings of the stars above the day, Who hears the singing of the sunrise On its way, Through all the night Who outfaces skies, outtings the storm."

Letter From the People

When before witnesses "Shylock" said he could go. Two days later he served notice on the mill company employing this tenant that he would require him to return and pick the cotton without pay, and they should not "hire" as he was under contract and be forbid them employing this

Who's the Victim?

A story of today, as told at a cotton mill, a haven of rest for poor tenant seeking a home and bread for his five children and young wife. Bill Spith, though that is not his name, owned land, more than he can work. Seven years ago a strong young farmer with his young wife went to live with him, and has lived on his place ever since. Everything went well, because crops were good and prices good and he could pay his "rations" and his rent. He had to plant cotton because his landlord required him to do so, no matter whether it payed him or not. It was that or more—rent was the all important thing, to this land owner. The drought came, cotton was cheap and crop short, so was the "rations" with which to feed the five healthy "babes" at this home. His crop was standing in the field. His cow gave milk; and was a great help, as then a fine pig promised well for cold weather, but there was no money with which to buy other things needed. Surely Mr. Smith, his landlord, would let him have some "rations" till he could gather up his crop, especially from the long rations had and the great rent he had paid, but, no, here was the time for the canny frugal to let the heavy hand fall on the beholden, and it fell. The seven years of service was forgotten, and the wit that is part of man showed forth. This landlord broke his contract and his moral obligation, also; his servant had to seek bread from strangers. This is but half the story. This young farmer told his master that he would go where his work was wanted, and where his family could have bread and plenty, so he sought a home at a cotton mill a few miles away, and then this Shylock farmer began his "collecting." He demanded settlement, before he would let his servant move. The "law" allows him to take the crop as his own; he was not satisfied, the wife gave up her cow. He was still not satisfied. They gave up their pig in pen, and all their garden and all and



Our growing trade depends on the growing boys, so it's to our interest to give them extra care and attention.

Nowadays some of 'em (real young ones at that) come along to buy—a safe proposition here.

More attractive suits and overcoats we've never seen. If you can't call, we'll send samples.

Sizes, 4 to 18 years.

Prices, \$3.50 to \$12.50.

A handsome knife free with each suit.

We Prepare All Charges.

B. O. Cranst Co. "The Store with a Conscience"

Fresh Fish TODAY

We receive Fish and Oysters fresh EVERY day, but Sunday.

For Monday we will have some Extra Nice Makerel and Trout, also some very Select Oysters, and mixed bunch fish, too.

Your orders will be highly appreciated.

McKelvey & Thomas Fish Co. Phone No. 887.

man, this free-born American citizen, and the law shields him in so doing. If a man owns land should he not own his servant also? E. S. SIBLEY PAROLED. Railroad Commission Terms Down Petition For Increase in Rates Special to The Intelligencer. COLUMBIA, Oct. 22.—The governor today paroled E. S. Sibley who was convicted in Chester this year for manslaughter and was sentenced for five years. The railroad commission today turned down the petition for an increase in rates by the Augusta Atlanta railroad on ground that it was not presented by an accredited representative of the road. A further hearing was ordered for November 11. Her Little Game. A wily young widow named Weed. As graceful and slim as a reed, I shall always wear black. (For it's very becoming, indeed.) —Judge. You can get the news while its new in The Morning Daily Intelligencer

Majestic



PERFECTLY SATISFIED! 15 gallons of water heated to the point of boiling, with electricity as cooling. When water gets too hot reservoir can be moved away from fire by shifting the lever shown. Where pressure water is used this majestic iron pipe-in-line water heater, which has more heating surface than any other, supplies abundance of hot water to all parts of the house. It takes the place of reservoir.

Sullivan Hardware Company Anderson, S. C., Beaton, S. C., Greenville, S. C.